THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 23, 1805.

## *Account of the Travels between the Tropics, of Meſſrs. Humboldt and Bonpland, in* 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, *and* 1804.

By J. C. DELAMETHERIE.

DURING his residence at Quito, M. Humboldt received a letter from the French National Institute, informing him that Captain Baudin had set out for New Holland, pursuing an easterly course, by the Cape of Good Hope. He found it necessary, therefore, to give up all idea of joining him, though our travellers had entertained this hope for thirteen months, by which means they lost the advantage of an easy passage from the Havannah to Mexico, and the Philippines. It had made them travel by sea and by land more than a thousand leagues to the south, exposed to every extreme of temperature, from summits covered with perpetual snow, to the bottom of those profound ravines, where the thermometer stands night and day between 25 deg. and 31 deg. of Reaumur. But, accustomed to disappointments of every kind, they readily consoled themselves on account of their fate. They were once more sensible, that man must depend only on what can be produced by his own energy; and Baudin's voyage, or rather the false intelligence of the direction he had taken, made them traverse immense countries, towards which no naturalist perhaps would otherwise have turned his researches. M. Humboldt being then resolved to pursue his own expedition, proceeded from Quito, towards the river Amazon and Lima, with a view of making the important observation of the transit of Mercury over the sun's disk.

Our

Our travellers first visited the ruins of Lactacunga, Hambato, and Riobamba, a district convulsed by the dreadful earthquake of the year 1797. They passed through the snows of Assonay to Cuenca, and thence, with great difficulty, on account of the carriage of their instruments, and packages of plants, by the Paramo of Saraguro to Loxa. It was here, in the forests of Gonzanama and Malacates, that they studied the valuable tree, which first made known to man the *febrifuge* qualities of *cinchona*. The extent of the territory which their travels embraced, gave them an advantage never before enjoyed by any botanist, namely, that of comparing the different kinds of *cinchona* of Santa Fe, Popayan, Cuenca, Loxa, and Jaen, with the *cuspa* and *cuspare* of Cumana and Rio Carony, the latter of which, named improperly *corter augustare*, appears to belong to a new genus of the *pentandria monogynia*, with alternate leaves.

From Loxa, they entered Peru by Ayavaca and Gouncabamba, traversing the high summit of the Andes, to proceed to the river Amazon. They had to pass, thirty-five times in the course of two days, the river Chamaya, sometimes on a raft, and sometimes by fording. They saw the superb remains of the causeway of Ynga, which may be compared to the most beautiful causeways in France and Spain, and which proceeds on the porphyritic ridge of the Andes, from Cusco to Assonay, and is furnished with *cambo* (inns) and public fountains. They then embarked on a raft of *ochroma*, at the small Indian village of Chamaya, and descended by the river of the same name, to that of the Amazons, determining by the culmination of several stars, and by the difference of time, the astronomical position of that confluence.

La Condamine, when he returned from Quito to Para and to France, embarked on the river Amazon only below Quebrada de Chucunga; he therefore observed the longitude only at the mouth of the Rio Napo. M. Humboldt endeavoured to supply this deficiency in the beautiful chart of the French astronomer, navigating the river Amazon as far as the cataracts of Rentema, and forming at Tomependa, the capital of the province of Jean de Bracamorros, a detailed plan of that unknown part of the Upper Maranon, both from his own observations and the information obtained from Indian travellers. M. Bonpland, in the mean time, made an interesting excursion to the forest round the town of Jaen, where he discovered new species of *cinchona*; and, after greatly suffering from the scorching heat of these solitary districts, and admiring a vegetation, rich in new species of Jacquinia, Godoya, Porteria, Bougainvillea, Collelia, and Pisonia, our three travellers crossed, for the fifth time, the Cordillera or the Andes, by Montan, in order to return to Peru.

They

They fixed the point where Borda's compass indicated the zero of the magnetic inclination, though at seven degrees of south latitude. They examined the mines of Hualguayoc, where native silver is found in large masses, at the height of 2000 toises above the level of the sea, in mines, some metalliferous veins of which contain petrified shells, and which, with those of Huontajayo, are, at present, the richest of Peru. From Caxamarca, celebrated by its thermal waters, and by the ruins of the palace of Atahualpa, they descended to Truxillo, in the neighbourhood of which are found vestiges of the immense Peruvian city of Manfische, ornamented with pyramids, in one of which was discovered, in the eighteenth century, hammered gold to the value of more than 150,000l. sterling.

On this western declivity of the Andes, our travellers enjoyed, for the first time, the striking view of the Pacific Ocean; and from that long and narrow valley, the inhabitants of which are unacquainted with rain or thunder, and where, under a happy climate, the most absolute power, and that most dangerous to man, theocracy itself, seems to imitate the beneficence of nature.

From Truxillo they followed the dry coasts of the South Sea, formerly watered and rendered fertile by the canals of the Ynga; nothing of which remains but melancholy ruins. When they arrived, by Santa and Guarmey, at Lima, they remained some months in that interesting capital of Peru, the inhabitants of which are distinguished by the vivacity of their genius and the liberality of their sentiments. M. Humboldt had the happiness of observing, in a pretty complete manner, at the port of Callao, at Lima, the end of the transit of Mercury: a circumstance the more fortunate, as the thick fog which prevails at that season often prevents the sun's disk from being seen for twenty days. He was astonished to find in Peru, at so immense a distance from Europe, the newest literary productions in chemistry, mathematics, and physiology; and he admired the great intellectual activity of a people, whom the Europeans accuse of indolence and luxury.

In the month of January, 1803, our travellers embarked in the king's corvette, La Castora, for Guyaquil; a passage which is performed, by the help of the winds and currents, in three or four days, whereas, the return from Guyaquil requires as many months. In the former port, situated on the banks of an immense river, the vegetation of which, in palms, *plumeria tabernæmontana*, and *scitaminea*, is majestic beyond all description. They heard growling every moment the volcano of Catopaxi, which made a dreadful explosion on the 6th of January, 1803.

They immediately set out, that they might have a nearer view of its ravages, and to visit it a second time; but the unex-

pected news of the sudden departure of the Atalante frigate, and the fear of not finding another opportunity for several months, obliged them to return, after being tormented, for seven days, by the mosquitoes of Babaoyo and Ugibar.

They had a favourable navigation of thirty days, on the Pacific Ocean, to Acapulco, the western port of the kingdom of New Spain, celebrated by the beauty of its bason, which appears to have been cut out in the granite rocks, by the violence of earthquakes; celebrated also, by the wretchedness of its inhabitants, who see there millions of piastres, embarked for the Phillippines and China; and, unfortunately, celebrated by a climate, as scorching as mortal.

M. Humboldt intended, at first, to stay only a few months in Mexico, and to hasten his return to Europe; his travels had already been too long; the instruments, and particularly the time-keepers, began to be gradually deranged; and all the efforts he had made to get new ones, had proved fruitless.—Besides, the progress of the sciences in Europe is so rapid, that, in travels of more than four years, a traveller may see certain phenomena under points of view, which are no longer interesting when his labours are presented to the public.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

---

## INSPECTOR. No. VIII.

Sweet music breathes
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

A Writer who has never ventured his thoughts before the public, can have no idea of the anxiety which one who has, feels for the offspring of his fancy. Even I, who have appeared in no other shape than these short essays, have so many cares about them, that I cannot be easy without letting my readers know how much I am concerned. I am continually endeavouring to discover whether my papers give any entertainment, and how they are received by the public; and have thought how happy I should be to enter the breasts of my readers, and perceive their real sentiments; not that I should expect to find much there to gratify my vanity, but on the contrary, some seasonable reproofs, from which an amendment might be made. I am so far from having a high opinion of my own compositions, that I now promise, if any who are dissatisfied with them will express their disapprobation, and point out the defects, I will immediately lay down my pen.

When

When the verses on the loss of the Earl of Abergavenny were printed, being anxious for the merit of my friend, I contrived to place myself where I heard several persons reading and speaking very freely of them. Some of them made very just remarks, and discovered errors, which I could not but join with them in condemning; whilst others, (to shew their wit,) found them where there really was none. One says, "These two lines are borrowed from a poem I have seen somewhere else;" another spoke very severely of some defects which I thought trivial, and therefore took the liberty of saying, "Yes, but you should consider what the Inspector has told us of his friend, Mr. Wanderer, that he is but young, and that he has not long either read or written poetry."

It is impossible for an author to form a just estimate of his own abilities and works, and it would therefore be a kindness, for a generous critic to lay before him his merits and defects. Those who have gone before us have explored the paths of knowledge so far, that there cannot be a subject proposed on which there is not a variety of books written. It cannot be expected that a modern can produce any new idea; all he can do, is to express it in a different style: and from the desire which those who have ability have to write, there is now such an inundation of volumes, that it is a considerable difficulty for a young person to select such authors, as will give him the most perfect knowledge of the studies which he wants to pursue. Indeed a person who now starts up, and offers his sentiments to the public, appears an intruder, and may well expect a reproof for endeavouring to displace those who have written much better on the subject. This observation will lead many of my readers to say, "Why then did you start up and commence author?" and I am well aware, what has been said will not add much to my own applause. I shall only observe in my defence, that there are many precepts and parts of knowledge which people are apt to forget, and which it is necessary continually to press upon their attention. If, therefore, I may claim the merit of doing this, I shall have attained the height of fame to which I aspire. Were I to judge from the opinion of a few of my friends, who have favoured me with very encouraging letters, I might without vanity say, that my labours will not be wholly useless. One of my female correspondents has requested my advice about the management of an awkward son that she has; but for several reasons I must beg her excuse for declining it, 'till I have full assurance that this prudent mother is upwards of one and twenty years of age.

MR. INSPECTOR,

The following fragment I found amongst some ancient manuscripts that I have by me, and from which, perhaps, I may select others,

others, if this be approved. I have no doubt but it will prove acceptable to some of your readers, who are fond of this kind of writing. Your's, &c.

N. I.

As I was rambling through the wood, and indulging the sweet emotions to which every thing around me conspired to give birth, a voice divinely sweet stole upon the ear of fancy. I knew it to proceed from the genius of the place, and listening, I caught the following sounds.

"Mortals! know that this grove is the retreat of virtue and sensibility. Let no unhallowed foot presume to tread these paths which I have rendered sacred, nor violate the sanctity of this rural grot which I have reared for my temple. It is for you alone, ye pure minds, over whom vice has not spread its baneful contagion, that I design these peaceful shades.

"Oh ye whose glowing fancies beam with heavenly fire, whom nature has adorned with her choicest gifts, hither retire from the cares of a sordid world, and catch the sacred breath of inspiration; here shall your lyres yield their sweetest notes, and here shall your souls be attuned to celestial harmony!

"Ye sons of industry, whose hands scarce know a respite from toil, when the last beam of departing day gilds the west, and silent eve draws her veil over the sky, cease your honest labours, quit the crowded city, the busy haunts of men, and taste the joys of meditation! Here shall the heavenly power raise your souls from every low pursuit, to all that adorns, all that dignifies human nature.

"Ye youths and maidens, whom the sweet influence of love leads from the world, to this sequestered grove turn your wandering footsteps. Let these sacred shades witness your vows of eternal constancy: here whilst you pour forth the chaste transports of your passion, shall the feathered choir chant their melodious lays to the voice of love!

"And oh ye, whom the hand of affliction has smitten, who droop beneath the stroke of calamity, here shall your troubled spirits find a holy calm! I will wipe the tear from the eye of sorrow, and sooth the anguish of the wounded heart."

Here ceased the genius, but the melody of his voice long remained on the ear; so charmed was I with the heavenly accents which flowed from his tongue, that I was unwilling to believe I heard him no more.

---

## CHARACTER *of the late* DR. JAMES CURRIE.

ON the last day of August, 1805, died James Currie, M. D. who had lately become an inhabitant of Bath, and who

would have graced any place or society to which he belonged. He bore great pain and uneasiness for several years with calmness and resignation, and finished his course with affording an example of that patience and fortitude, which so eminently distinguished his character through life. His medical abilities were confessedly very great. Persevering, ingenious, and penetrating, few circumstances escaped his observation; and his talent of applying to practice the facts which he had observed, was seldom equalled. He was also a remarkable instance of the improvement which the cultivation of the moral duties produces upon the understanding. His judgement was not clouded by jealousy, or his view of the subject or case in question obscured by partiality or darkened by prejudice. Equally ready to adopt the suggestions of others, as he was those of his own judgement, he never deviated from the point aimed at, because the whole of the path was not traced out by himself. Superior to such considerations, which never prevail in exalted minds, he rested his character on higher grounds; and the discerning part of mankind soon became sensible that such acquiescence, when it met his own unprejudiced ideas, was an honour to his character. Candour and benevolence were the guides of his conduct, and led him to esteem and reputation in the present world, softened his passage to the tomb, and in his last moments disarmed the dart of death.

Original, however, in his ideas, he was better suited to point out the way than to follow the speculations of others; and what he advised, obtained a kind of involuntary preference, which nothing but a consciousness of merit in the adviser could have secured. His counsels, though destitute of the recommendation of peremptory assertion, or lavish display of pretended success, which sometimes overpower when they do not convince, carried with them the more powerful charms of sense, judgement, reflection, and acquaintance with the subject, and were accompanied with a most amiable and satisfactory manner of manifesting these admirable qualifications to the understanding of those with whom he conversed. Nor did pain and sickness, however embittering they were to the enjoyment of life, cloud his faculties, or disorder his temper. He resigned life with the same benevolent disposition of mind in which he had lived, and with undiminished powers of understanding.

The faculties of his mind were not, however, confined to professional subjects. Well versed in elegant knowledge he combined the pursuits of ornamental literature with those of the severer studies. Poetry, history, and other branches of knowledge that improve the understanding, and animate the mind to exert itself in every capacity, were held by him in high esteem, and were favourite objects of his attention. On these models, selected from the best authors, he formed his own style of writing; which

which was pure, elegant, and correct; and often adorned with passages, which, in beauty of language, and delicacy and propriety of sentiment, yield to none of which our country can boast. The lovers of science might wish his life to have been longer protracted; in which wish all the friends of the country who knew him would willingly join: but wiser fate says no: and reflection steps in and warns us that "his warfare is accomplished;" and that we must not, from partial, or interested, or indeed any human considerations, presume to wish the prolongation of suffering to him, who had so long and so eminently struggled with pain and misery—and in the midst of these painful exertions, uniformly laboured for the benefit of mankind.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

*Bath, September* 3.

---

## *Singular* INSTANCE *of* AMERICAN JURISPRUDENCE.

WHATEVER may be the merits of the American criminal code in other respects, there is one principle at least which is highly worthy of praise, namely, that of endeavouring to reform, as well as punish, the criminal, whose life the law spares, and to leave him without excuse for future dishonesty, by obliging him, while in prison, to learn some handicraft trade, if he has not one before; by his industry in which he may not only be kept out of idleness and profligacy while in prison, and obliged to earn his own subsistence without expence to the industrious community, but placed in the means of gaining an honest livelihood when restored to liberty. The punishment of death is there never inflicted, but where murder is the crime: and, indeed, to the generality of criminals, two, three, or four years imprisonment at hard labour, is almost as formidable as death. But imprisonment, before and after conviction, without any sort of employment to occupy the mind, as in English gaols, is but a means to withdraw the mind from all industrious habits, and direct it to new systems of fraud and villainy. This is continually illustrated by the number of hardened villains that crowd to our criminal tribunals, and from infancy to manhood spend more than half their lives in gaols.

A ludicrous occurrence took place some time since at Philadelphia, to shew, in one striking instance at least, the good effects of the American code.

A young Irishman, of respectable family and connections in his own country, but bred up to no useful pursuit, by habits of idleness naturally followed by extravagance and dissipation, was led into some *faux-pas* in his own country, which rendered his personal safety rather precarious. A lieutenancy was obtained

for him by his friends in a regiment going to the West Indies, where, however, rooted habits were not abandoned; and after evincing but very loose and confused notions of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, he was at length obliged, by the contempt and detestation shewn by his brother-officers, to sell out, when he retired to America, where he hoped for a wider field for the exercise of his talents.

A trivial mistake, in writing the name of a friend, instead of his own, to a bill of exchange, soon involved him in the labyrinth of a Philidelphian prison. Such ingenious expedients not being tolerated by the American laws, he was convicted and sentenced to two years imprisonment, and must of course undergo some practical lectures for the improvement of his manners. On entering the prison, he was asked, as usual, by the governor, what trade he was bred to. Astonished at the vulgar impertinence of such a question, he answered he was a *jontleman*, and scorned the meanness of a mechanical trade.

The governor told him the indispensable necessity of learning a trade, as he could not be supported there in idleness, at the expence of the honest and industrious: he must therefore either earn his food or starve. The *jontleman* answered he scorned to depend on their support, he did not wish to learn a trade; and that the best way to settle the difference was to enlarge him. The governor, however, differed in opinion, and told him, since he declined a choice, one must be made for him, which, after trial, he might change if he thought fit. The novice was accordingly stripped, placed in a cistern, on the Dutch principle, into which water flowed on all sides, and soon steeped him up to the chin, and his only alternative from drowning, was to work constantly at a pump, which, by constant exertion, enabled him to keep the inundation an inch or two below his mouth; and thus, reversing the fate of Tantalus, he remained for eight hours, when his *first* day's work ended. He was then taken out, and asked if he liked his occupation, and wished to continue it for two years? Heartily sick of his first lesson, the hero answered, "By Jasus, my dear, you may put me to any trade *at all, at all*, but that; for if I work *two years* at it I'll die in a *fortnight*." The experiment having thus succeeded, for regulating his taste, he was by choice enrolled among the corps of shoemakers, became in a short time an expert workman, returned to his native country on the termination of his imprisonment, and is now an eminent shoemaker at Cork.

---

*The Petition of the Alphabet, to the Booksellers of London.*

HUMBLY complaining, shew unto your excellencies, your suppliants, and daily orators, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J,

J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, and Z, that the family of your suppliants is of great antiquity; and that, at a very remote period, and long before the creation of any empire or state now in existence, they had arrived at a very high degree of civilization, living under the patronage and protection of the ancestors of your excellencies in those cities, towns, and villages, called *folios*, *quartos*, *octavos*, and *duodecimos*, so well known in the *literary* world.

That your suppliants have been always taught by their grammarians, poets, and other great law-givers, to shun above all things a *false concord*, and to live in *harmony* with each other, in all *tenses* and times, and in whatever *mood* they might chance to be.

That the most estimable of the family of your suppliants live in habits of great splendour and magnificence, being generally dressed in green and gold, or morocco and gold; while such of them as go without *covering*, or may be found in *loose sheets*, are despised and held worthless, as *volumes* of evidence in your excellencies' shops can testify.

Your suppliants state, that certain merchants, shopkeepers, and tradesmen, in the cities of London and Westminster, and also in the borough of Southwark, totally regardless of the usages and customs, long established among your suppliants, and conspiring to injure their *character*, and to *deface* and *obliterate* every vestige thereof, have lately seized upon several of your petitioners, and having cut off the ears of some, knocked out the eyes of others, and otherwise maimed, disfigured, and abused them, and destroyed their symmetry and fair proportions, have gibbetted your suppliants over their shop-doors in the Strand, in Fleet-street, Bond-street, and other the most public and most populous places, and there exhibited them to scoff and derision, and all this they have done in their own name, and in open day.

Your suppliants further state, that as a justification for those cruel persecutions and tortures, said wicked and evil-disposed shop-keepers, merchants, and traders, give out and pretend that your suppliants are of Egyptian origin, and, *literally*, the *lineal* descendants of Cadmus; and that, by these mutilations and contortions, it is sought to make them, like their ancestors, from whom they have degenerated in figure and proportions.

Your suppliants humbly submit that their Egyptian ancestors were an ugly and an awkward race, but that, by the care of your excellencies, the breed has been gradually improved, and brought in the present generation to the highest state of symmetry and perfection; insomuch, that they excel their ancestors in grace and beauty, as much as the Circassian fair surpass the females of Egypt, of the present day.

Your

Your suppliants further state, that this is only a hollow pretence of men who, under the mask of reform, seek to effect a revolution in the literary world, and introduce liberty and equality into the republic of letters; and, as evidence of their being actuated by revolutionary and levelling principles, your suppliants beg leave to observe, that the *capital* members of the family of your suppliants, have been the principal sufferers, and, shorn of their fine aristocratic heads and tails, are now forced to become *croppies*, and the great family of O's are reduced to mere *ciphers*.

Your suppliants beg leave to observe, that the said acts, of said merchants, tradesmen, and shop-keepers, aforesaid, are high crimes and misdemeanors, against the lives and persons of your suppliants; and come, as your suppliants are advised and believe, within the provisions of the *Chalking Act*.

Your suppliants, therefore, humbly hope, that your excellencies will take their sufferings into consideration, and afford them such redress, as is *consonant* with justice, equity, and good conscience, and the merits of their case may require, and your suppliants will pray."

*Note.*—It may be necessary to observe, that a most preposterous fashion has been lately introduced in the inscriptions upon signs and shew-boards over the shops of tradesmen in this metropolis. The modern capital letters are rejected, and the old, barbarous, aukward characters, substituted in their place. A tradesman's shew-board has thus the appearance of the gravestone of one of his ancestors, with the letters partly defaced, and scarcely legible, and looking more like a *requiescat in pace*, or hieroglyphicks upon a catacomb, than an invitation to business. It is a bad and corrupt taste, and ought to be avoided.

---

## *Anecdote of Dr. W——, of Camden Town, near Islington, London.*

THIS reverend clergyman, so well known for his researches into the original Greek text of the Evangelists, and not more distinguished for his extensive learning, than for his propensity to those amusements which characterised Parson Adams, recently related the following anecdote of himself to a select circle of friends. The conversation happened to turn upon the folly of some men's wives; upon which, said the doctor, I will give you an instance of the folly of mine, and I am persuaded, you must acknowledge it exceeds every thing you ever heard of. He thus proceeded: "You must now know, that some time ago, the bishop of London was contemplating a translation of the four gospels, and it occurred to his lordship that he probably

might derive some advantage by consulting me upon the subject. I need not tell you how much attached I am to my pipe, nor what irresistible charms I find in a game at skittles. Now I happened to be enjoying both my favourite amusements at the Wheat Sheaf, when his lordship, ordered his carriage, and repairing to my house, enquired whether I was at home? Mrs. W——, instead of absolutely denying me, as a sensible woman ought to have done, immediately said I was at the Wheat Sheaf. The bishop naturally thought the Wheat Sheaf might be some corn chandler's, where I was disposing of my tythe corn, or the produce of my glebe land.—He said to his coachman, "John, do you know where the Wheat Sheaf is?"—"O yes, my lord," replied John.—"Well, drive there."—John obeyed, and in a few minutes the carriage stopped at the ale-house, where I was in the height of my glory. The bishop stared at the appearance of the place, as well he might. However he alighted, and asked the landlord whether one Dr. W. was there?—"Always at this hour (returned Bonnyface,) you'll find him in the skittle-ground." "The skittle-ground (muttered his lordship as he advanced), what can he be doing there?"—He soon discovered me, in the midst of the *profanum vulgis*, who were attending minutely to the circumstances of the gymnastic game. I was the hero of the contest, and was unluckily, at that precise moment, in the very act of endeavouring to tip all nine. I was stooping down with my pipe in my mouth, the skirts of my coat tucked under my left arm, and a bowl in my right hand; my wig a little awry. I was aiming at the middle pin. I exclaimed, "*Well, here goes at the head of the church!*"—Before the bowl had well quitted my grasp, the bishop tapped me on the shoulder, saying, "What, doctor, is it you?"—I looked round, and became petrified as if I had seen the Gorgon's head. I could not speak for some time, but at last I stammered out, Yes, my lord, it is me."—"I am surprised to see you in such a place," added his lordship.—"And I am equally astonished at seeing your lordship; but you must know, my lord, that I am afflicted with a pain in the chest, attended, at times, with a difficulty of utterance." Your lordship may easily perceive how I am affected at this moment." I do perceive it indeed," rejoined the church dignitary. I continued, "for this complaint my physicians order me to use the exercise in which you see me employed, and they tell me I shall derive great benefit from it." The bishop turned upon his heel, and left me with this remark—"Proceed, good doctor, with your game, I wish you all the *benefit* from it your physicians have promised you; but I am afraid it will never procure you a *benefice*."—"Now, my friends, I ask you, whether you ever heard of any woman's committing an act half so silly as a clergyman's wife sending a bishop to a skittle-ground in search of her husband?"—The company admitted the application of

of the story, and Mrs W. was, by common consent, admitted to have, in this instance, exceeded the folly of all their wives.

---

*Description of Ougein, the Capital of Dowlut Rao Scindiah.*

THE city of Ougein is far superior, almost in every respect, to any I have hitherto seen in India. We approached the city on the N. W. side, on which, with the exception of some very high pagodas, it is entirely concealed, until you approach close under the walls, by means of gardens and pleasure-grounds, laid out in a very charming stile, and which has a very pleasing effect. Between these, and the town (which is entirely without defence), runs the river Tembra. The bed of this river is, in no part that I have seen, very wide, nor of a greater depth than the middle of a moderate-sized man, but may be probably deeper in the freshes; but hitherto we have had very little rain here. The street by which we reached the main one is rather narrow, but paved in the same manner as the carriage-way in London; the main street is very wide, extending, I believe, nearly the whole length of the city, in a strait line running from south to west. The principal part of the houses are built with an extraordinary degree of uniformity, seldom equalled, even in European towns. On the ground-floor, which is considerably elevated from the pavement, runs a *verandah* of shops, to a vast extent; over the whole line of which you may glance your eye at once, and forms a very pretty *coup d'œil*. In these shops are exhibited the various and richest productions of India, Persia, China, and even Europe.

The inhabitants appeared extremely affable, and asked a great number of questions, and were frankly communicative in their turn. I was accompanied by an English officer, dressed in the cavalry uniform, with a helmet similar to the 19th dragoons, and they took him for one of that corps, of which they have heard prodigious accounts, and whose prowess they conceive to be invincible, and they term them, the *red-haired-men*, in allusion to their helmets.

The bazoars for grain and vegetables were exceedingly well supplied, and the articles, in general, much cheaper than any place we have yet visited, notwithstanding which, we observed many both dead, and dying in the streets. On enquiring of one of the inhabitants the reason for what appeared to me unaccountable, he replied, that those miserable people were strangers, who had come in from the country.

In so rich a place as Ougein one would suppose some relief would be afforded by a general charitable donation, but, I believe, the reason of its being otherwise, is the fear that every man

man has of shewing that he has money. Holkar summoned this city some months ago, and, by threats, extorted a considerable sum of money from the inhabitants.

---

## *On the poisonous Quality of Fool's Parsley.*

[From Curtis's Lectures on Botany.]

NOTWITHSTANDING the acknowledged utility of the science of botany; notwithstanding professors of medicine are warm in its recommendation, it is much to be regretted that gentlemen of the faculty are so little acquainted with it practically: even in the country, where plants obtrude themselves on the notice of the most common observer, how few are there who know with certainty the plants they use?

I have been most credibly informed, that when Dr. Withering, a gentleman distinguished not less for his medical than his botanical skill, went to reside at Birmingham, he found some of the medical people there making an extract from the cow-parsley instead of hemlock; and it is much to be feared, that mistakes of this sort frequently frustrate the well-meant endeavours of the physician.

Although newly-discovered chemical remedies and foreign drugs may have justly superseded many of our English plants, yet a great number are still retained in the pharmacopœia: to be acquainted with these at least is the duty of every one that takes upon himself the important character of guardian of the health of mankind.

I cannot better illustrate how necessary a knowledge of plants is, particularly to medical gentlemen resident in the country, than by reciting an extract from a letter which I received some few years since from Mr. Lowe, surgeon, at Preston, in Lancashire, a gentleman who had formerly been my pupil.

"On Thursday, the 5th of June, Mr. Freckleton, a healthy strong man, about thirty-five years of age, a publican in the town, eat a handful of fool's-parsley with nearly the same quantity of young lettuce, about one o'clock at noon; in about ten minutes he was affected with a pain and hardness in his stomach and bowels, attended with a rumbling; he walked out into the fields, but was seized with such languor, weariness, and weakness, that it was with difficulty he supported himself 'till he got home: he was much troubled with giddiness in his head, his vision was confused, and sometimes objects appeared double: at seven o'clock he took an emetic, which brought up, as he supposes, all the fool's parsley he had eaten, but not any of the lettuce: this considerably relieved him from the uneasy sensations in his bowels, but the other symptoms continued, and he passed a restless night. Next day he had much pain in his head

and eyes, which last were inflamed and bloodshot: he had different circumscribed swellings in his face, which were painful and inflamed, but they were transient, and flew from place to place; this night he took a powder which made him sweat profusely. On Saturday, his eyes were highly inflamed, painful, and entirely closed by the surrounding inflammation; this day he was bled, which gave him much ease in his head and eyes. From this time until Monday he continued to get better; but had, even then, pain, heat, and inflammation in his eyes, with œdematous swellings of his cheeks; his remaining symptoms went off gradually, and he is now well. He had been told that the plant which he had eaten was hemlock; to be satisfied, I accompanied him into the garden where he had gathered the plant, and found it to be æthusa cynapium, or fool's-parsley. To be convinced of this beyond a doubt, I compared a specimen of it with the figure and description of the plant given in the Flora Londinensis, with which I found it exactly to correspond."

## SOME ACCOUNT *of an* AMERICAN CHIEFTAIN.

THE different situations and comparative advantages of a state of barbarism and civilization, have employed, at different times, the abilities of the most eminent writers, and been illustrated by the remarks of the most penetrating geniuses. Not all the ingenious arguments adduced on both sides of this question would perhaps throw so much light on this interesting subject, or prove so instructive to the philosopher, as the ideas and conversation of an American chieftain, who, having lately passed some time in London, is now preparing to return to his native country, and who is perhaps placed in the most extraordinary situation that ever fell to the lot of man.

This remarkable person is descended from the chief of the tribe of Mohawks, the first of the five nations that occupy the extensive country of Canada. His mother, however, was a European; and he was sent, when only fourteen years of age, to receive his education in the university of Edinburgh. After spending two years in the perusal of the elegant writings of the ancients, and in the pursuit of the softer studies of the *belles-lettres*, he returned to his native land, to raise the warhoop to his warriors as the signal of battle, or to lift the tomahawk against the foes of his country. Among his subjects this Indian monarch bears the name of *Teyoninhac aia weu;* when in England he assumed that of John Norton. He married an Indian woman after his return to Canada, by whom he has two children. Some disputes having arisen with the English respecting the line of demarcation settled at the close of the American war, this patriotic monarch undertook the office of ambassador to this country,

country, for which he was so eminently qualified, and once more paid a visit to Britain. He brought with him his Indian dress, in which he sometimes appeared to those with whom he was particularly intimate. In this dress his portrait was taken by Miss Knight, and was displayed in the last exhibition of the royal academy [1805.] At other times he was no way distinguishable except by the braid in which his hair was tied. His noble figure, of about six feet in height, was rendered doubly agreeable by the amiable benevolence of his countenance. So far was he from being dazzled or seduced by the luxury of this country, that he never spoke of his wife or children without a tear glistening in his eye, while he often expressed his sincere desire of embracing them once more.—This amiable man had formed the patriotic and benevolent design of converting his subjects to the Christian religion, and for that purpose has taken the pains of translating the gospel of St. John into the Mohawk language.

## IMPROVED MARINE SPENCER.

THE inventor, Mr. Spencer, of Bow, having made considerable improvements in it, we think it proper to mention its construction, and the uses to which it may be applied. The spencer is a girdle of canvas, 4 feet 6 inches long, and 18 inches broad, well stuffed with cork shavings; this is fastened loosely about the body with straps and buckles, and, to prevent its slipping too low, two strong tapes are brought over the shoulders, which fasten also with buckles. The first cost of this apparatus will not exceed five shillings; and from many experiments made at sea it will effectually preserve any person from drowning. In cases of persons falling overboard, any one unacquainted with swimming, if furnished with a marine-spencer, might safely leap after them, and keep them from sinking, until a boat could be launched. A corner of a seaman's locker, says the inventor, could not be better employed than in containing one of these spencers. It would be a desirable appendage to the life-boat, in cases where the whole crew could not be taken in at once; and any number of persons furnished with these might be floated ashore, attached to the boat with small cords.

## BON MOT *of* VOLTAIRE.

A Man of learning was complaining to Voltaire, that few foreigners relished the beauties of Shakespeare. "Sir," replied the wit, "bad translations torment and vex them, and prevent their understanding your great dramatist. A blind man, Sir, cannot conceive the beauty of a rose, who only pricks his fingers with the thorns."

## AN ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated Michael Dahl, when at work upon the picture of Christina, queen of Sweden, was asked by that sovereign, what he intended she should hold in her hand? he replied, "a fan." Her majesty, whose ejaculations were rarely delicate, vented a very gross one, and added, "A fan! give me a lion; that is fitter for a queen of Sweden."

---

## *A* HINT *to* INNKEEPERS.

LORD L—— and a friend lately arrived at a certain great hotel in ——, when, finding they must wait some time before the house which was taken for them would be ready, they ordered a ham-sandwich and a glass of porter. Previously to leaving the house, his lordship enquired what was to pay; the waiter told him *seventeen shillings and eight-pence.* "Pray," said his lordship, "upon what principle do you make such an exorbitant demand for six sandwiches and two glasses of porter." "We were obliged to cut a fresh ham," replied the waiter, "and have consequently charged your lordship with the whole." "And, of course, you also cut a fresh quartern loaf, and a new pound of butter, up to me—as I am to pay for them, they are mine, and I will have them." His lordship accordingly paid the charge, but, much to the confusion of mine host and his waiters, made his servants take away every article he had thus dearly paid for.

---

## *On* FRANCIS HUTCHESON.

IT hath been justly observed, that few, if any of our modern writers, have cultivated the science of morals with so much success as Francis Hutcheson. A moderate acquaintance with his writings is sufficient to shew that he had taken a very accurate survey of our internal structure, and marked, with great exactness, the several dispositions and principles of our nature, with their various connections and dependencies.

Human nature was his favourite study: he entertained high thoughts of its original dignity, and was persuaded, that even in this corrupt state, it was capable of great improvements, by proper instruction and assiduous culture. And, indeed, human nature, according to his representation of it, is an amiable and engaging form, and appears in its genuine charms, actuated by more disinterested principles than some philosophers will allow; formed with social and public affections, and dispositions to promote the public good.

*Answer, by F. Arden, South Petherton, to T. Tremlett's Charade, inserted July 15.*

YOUR charade is useful I declare,
So for your DEATH-BED pray prepare.

☞ We have received the like answers from T. Prout, of Mevagissey; J. Avard, of St. Austell; S. Moore, of Horsewell House; T. Adey, of Poole; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburnham; Corporal Ninnis, of St. Agnes; W. Gard, of Gittisham; J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis; a north country sailor at Exmouth; H. Pratt, Luppit; H. Lewarne, Grampound; and Adrianus.

---

*Answer, by Primrose, of Taunton, to J. Lewis's Rebus, inserted July 15.*

AS lull'd in sleep's soft arms we take repose,
A thousand scenes doth fancy wild disclose,
Oft scenes of woe, which fill the mind with fear,
Yet, haply, ere the dawn, the VISIONs disappear.

†*† Similar answers have been received from T. Prout, of Mevagissey; S. Moore, of Horswell House; T. Adey, of Poole; W. Bickham, junior, of Corporal Ninnis, of St. Agnes; W. Gard, of Gittisham; a north country sailor at Exmouth; H. Pratt, of Luppit; and Adrianus.

---

*Answer, by T. Wotton, of Newton Bushel, to A. Kyne's Charade, inserted July 15.*

A PENSION should the wounded have
Who did the stormy battles brave.

§‡§ We have received the like answer from P. Waldron, of Lyme Regis; J. Avard, of St. Austell; T. Prout, of Mevagissey; S. Moore, of Horsewell House; T. Adey, of Poole; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; Corporal Ninnis, of St. Agnes; W. Gard, of Gittisham; W. Mann, of South Brent; a north country sailor at Exmouth; H. Pratt, of Luppitt; and Adrianus.

---

*A* REBUS, *by W. Tucker, of Tilshead School.*

YE prying youths, pray first define,
What tells me when 'tis time to dine;
Then secondly, you must produce
What doth unto our sight conduce;
Thirdly and lastly, you must shew,
A part that every one doth know:
My whole's a place of sweet repose,
That calmly locks up all our woes.

---

*A* CHARADE, *by Eugene, of Dartmouth.*

A Town in Devon first declare;
And then a bird that wings the air;
Next a fam'd city, great, renown'd,
Must of necessity be found;
Then search the starry orbs above,
And of the planets one approve;
Also a tree which, near at hand,
Forms the chief bulwark of our land;
An adverb then will solve the doubt,
And find the mystic meaning out;
The initials join, pronounce! you'll hear,
A hero's name to Britain dear.

# POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## THOUGHTS ON MY PLACE OF NATIVITY.

HAIL peaceful scenes! by genial youths inspir'd,
Cherish'd by gen'rous love from parents mild;
Where thoughtless from the busy world retir'd,
Sweet smiling innocence each hour beguil'd.

While thro' fond fancy's optic now I gaze,
And take a retrospect of what is past,
Those pleasures faithful memory still pourtrays,
Alas! by far too exquisite to last.

When throbb'd my heart with infantine delight,
Ah! then my breast no baneful sorrows found;
In juv'nile sports engag'd from morn 'till night,
My fleeting moments were with pleasure crown'd.

Ye youthful hours of sweet simplicity!
How quickly fled those joys! Where are ye flown?
What time I hail'd, from vicious motives free,
Substantial joys, to manhood seldom known.

Tho' fled for ever are those scenes of bliss,
Regarded still by friendship held sincere;
In fond idea let me still possess,
Those lovely prospects once I held so dear.

The lowly cot beneath the rising hill,
Where front each window lofty cedars grow;
The oak majestic o'er the limpid rill,
That purling fills the spacious lake below.

The little garden next unto the view,
Where I my leisure hours oft employ'd;
When, free from sorrow, I no hardships knew,
Or fortune frowning e'er my mind annoy'd.

Thrice happy scenes! ye pleasures still afford,
While busy fancy pictures to my view,
My much-lov'd parents e'er by me ador'd,
Enjoying still those blessings you bestow.

Long may they, bless'd with peace and comfort reign,
'Till time, that swiftly wings its ceaseless flight,
Shall bid them all their earthly joys resign,
To seek them in the regions of delight.

*Clowance.* T. RUTGER.

---

*Verses for my Tombstone, if ever I shall have one, by a Prostitute, and a Penitent.*

THE wretched victim of a quick decay,
Reliev'd from life—on this cold bed of clay,
(The last and only refuge from my woes)
A lost, love-ruin'd female, I repose.

From

From the sad hour I listen'd to his charms,
Yielding, half-forc'd in the deceiver's arms,
To that, whose aweful veil hides every fault,
Sheltering my sufferings in this welcome vault;
When pamper'd, starv'd, abandon'd, or in drink,
My thoughts were rack'd in striving not to think;
Nor could rejected conscience gain the pow'r
Of calm reflection, for one serious hour;
I durst not look to what I was before,
My soul shrunk back, and wish'd to be no more;
One step to vice, stole on without controul,
'Till, step by step, perdition wreck'd the soul.

Of eye undaunted, and of touch impure,
Old, ere of age, worn out when scarce mature,
Daily debas'd, to stifle my disgust
Of life, which sunk me with the lowest dust;
Cover'd with guilt, infection, debt, and want,
My home's a brothel, and the street my haunt;
Full seven long years in infamy I've pin'd,
And fondled, loath'd, and prey'd upon mankind,
'Till, the full course of sin and vice gone thro',
My shatter'd fabric fail'd at twenty-two;
Then death, with every horror in his train,
Clos'd the sad scene of riot, guilt, and pain.
O could it shut the future from my view,
Nor dread eternity my life renew!
Renew to anguish, and the deepest woe,
While endless ages never cease to flow!

Ye fair associates of my opening bloom,
O come and weep, and profit at my tomb.

---

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

*On first seeing the Ship Herculean sailing up the River Thames, having just arrived from the East Indies with my Brother.*

THRICE happy hour! when first I saw the sail
With bosom swelling to the leading gale;
When the gay ship first met my eager view,
What transports then my throbbing bosom knew!
Quick ran my blood, impetuous thro' my veins,
Disdaining all controul, or reason's reins;
For expectation bid me hope to find
On board my only friend, a brother kind.
But if ideas of him could thus conspire
To raise my passions, and inflame desire,
How must his presence glad my longing soul!
What extacies must thro' my bosom roll!
O ye! who all the sweets of friendship prove,
Mix'd with affection, and a brother's love—
'Tis ye who can with genuine truth express,
What joy, what pleasures, pass'd within my breast!

*August* 20. J. PASCAL.

---

EPIGRAM.

JACK an acrostic made on Celia's name,
Which, to say truth, was very mean and lame;
What in return deserves the poet Jack,
Why like for like, a stick across his back.